Mrs. Thompson but hope to keep her. Mrs. Allen has been very sick with cold, the Dr. says he was afraid he was going to lose her. Mrs. Beard is not at all well. Mrs. J. and Mrs. Beard the other day and she said he seemed very anxious about her. It is an especial favor that I keep so well. Truth is I have not time to be sick We are still very busy in the Nursery. Am very thankful that Alice W. is spared and hope she will recover without disfigurement. I forgot to tell you that the apples were the white ones White Winter Pearmain and if the others were small red they were wine sops, but Joe is gone to bed and nobody else knows. Good Night.

Thursday eve

Dear M.

I dont know as you have time to read more than one letter a week and this will be two and a postal but as Ed is going down I will take the risk of this being left unread. We dont like the right way. Mrs. McLaine said he had almost made up his mind that there was something in this climate that produced a great tendency to sick brain troubles. I told him the old Spanish inhabitants did not seem to have such troubles and I thought it was not the climate but our methods of living that got us into trouble.

Dont you feel sometimes as if you wanted to stop and take a long breath. I do.

I dont know what to say about Uncle. He has spoken several times to day, has seemed more conscious, asked this evening when Dr. Allen was coming, ate a little yesterday and to day, I know Auntie takes courage. I dont know why I do not. It is my nature to be hopeful, but somehow I cant feel as if his apparent improvement was real. He is taking "Fowler's solution", which you may or may not know is a preparation of arsenic, and what is called a brain stimulant; his face has been flushed all day, pulse high, the making up, or increased consciousness seems to me artificial, and as arsenic is one of the cumulative medicines or rather poisons they cannot continue it indefinitely. He seems to me childish but he has been so sick that one cannot judge. Auntie has lain beside him on the bed nearly all day because he was not contented unless she or Mattie or Eddie held his hand all the time. He has great difficulty in speaking at all and Auntie has to put her ear down very close and cannot always tell then what he tries to say. We are very much afraid of losing